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F. G. BALDWIN,

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Mobile, Jan. 1 46.

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August 7, 1852. 19-15.

To an absent Wife.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'Tis Morn—the sea breeze seems to bring Joy, health, and freshness on its wing; Bright flowers, to me all strange and new, Are glittering in the early dew, And perfumes rise from every grove, As incense to the clouds that move Like spirits o'er our welkin clear— But I am sad—thou art not here!

'Tis Noon—a calm, unbroken sleep Is on the blue waves of the deep; A soft haze like a fairy dream, Is floating o'er wood and stream, And many a broad Magnolia flower, Within its shadowy woodland bower, Is gleaming like a lovely star— But I am sad—thou art not here!

'Tis Eve—on earth, the sunset skies Are painting their own Eden dyes; The stars come down and trembling glow, Like blossoms in the waves below, And like an unseen spirit, the breeze Seems lingering 'midst the orange trees, Breathing its music round the spot— But I am sad—I see thee not!

'Tis midnight—with a soothing spell The far off tones of ocean swell— Soft as a mother's caress mild, Low bending o'er her sleeping child; And on each wandering breeze are heard The rich notes of the mocking bird, In many a wild and wondrous lay— But I am sad—thou art not here!

I sink in dreams—low, sweet, and clear, Thy own dear voice is in my ear; Around my cheek thy tresses twine— Thy own loved hand is clasped in mine, Thy own soft lip to mine is pressed— Thy head is pillowed on my breast; Oh, I have all my heart holds dear, And I am happy—thou art here!

From the New Orleans Picayune.

ARRIVAL OF THE CRESCENT CITY.

HER VISIT TO HAVANA.

FULL ACCOUNT OF THE DIFFICULTY.

The U. S. Mail Steamship Crescent City, Henry K. Davenport, U. S. N., commander, arrived here this morning from New York, via Havana, in eight days and thirteen hours, leaving the latter port at 9 o'clock, A. M. on the 3d inst.

As the Crescent City approached the Morro pilot came off and inquired if Capt. Porter or Purser Smith was on board. Upon being informed that the latter was on board, he declined taking the ship in, and Capt. Davenport took her in without his assistance. As soon as the anchor was let go the Captain of the port came alongside, and after learning that Mr. Smith was on board, he stated that no communication could be had with the shore until he returned from a visit to the Captain General.

On his return he stated that the mails and passengers for Havana might be landed, but that no other person would be permitted to go ashore. Capt. Davenport then showed him a letter from the American Consul, just received, which stated that the whole difficulty had been settled by Mr. Conkling, except that Capt. Porter and Purser Smith would not be permitted to land. The Captain of the Port said this was a mistake; that the mails and passengers for Havana might be landed on this one occasion, but that if Mr. Smith returned in the ship from New Orleans, no communication would be permitted with the shore; that the Spanish Minister at Washington had written to the Captain General "that the Secretary of State had assured him that Mr. Smith should positively not be permitted to go out again in a steamer to Havana.

Capt. Davenport told him there must be some mistake about this, for that Mr. Smith was a private citizen of the United States, and could go where he pleased without let or hindrance from the United States Government. The Captain of the Port went again to see the Captain General, and the boat of the officers who were to give permits to the passengers came along side, but Capt. Davenport informed them that no officer or other person could come on board his ship until he learned the disposition and determination of the Cuban authorities. Capt. Davenport then addressed a letter to the U. S. Consul, apprising him of the condition of things and asking his directions.

The Captain of the Port returned, with the permission of the Captain General for all the passengers and officers of the ship, except Mr. Smith, to go on shore; also a gain repeating that if Mr. Smith returned in the ship from New Orleans the ship would be placed in *comunicado*. Capt. Davenport then addressed the U. S. Consul again, stating the change which had taken place; that the passengers would exercise their discretion about landing; but as Capt. Porter whose course he entirely approved, was interdicted from landing, he would himself decline the permission granted.

Judge Sharkey, the U. S. Consul, came on board, and had a long and full conversation with Capt. Davenport in reference to pending difficulties and the course to be pursued upon the return of the vessel from New Orleans.

The Captain of the Port was, throughout the several interviews, extremely polite and civil.

As soon as the U. S. Consul learned that the passengers in transit would not be permitted to land, he called upon the Captain General, and it was through his efforts and representations that permission was granted them. A few of the passengers went on shore and spent the evening.

A few moments before leaving the port of Havana, Mr. Morales (of the firm of Drake & Co., the consignees of the Crescent City, came on board, and stated by authority, that if Purser Smith would send a letter to the Captain General denying the charge made against him, the difficulty would all be settled. Capt. Davenport in reply assured him that under no circumstances could he allow Mr. Smith or any other officer under his command, to address any communication to the Cuban authorities upon the subject, as Capt. Porter an officer of unblemished reputation, had on two previous occasions, under his own signature, disavowed the charge.

The Crescent City.

Purser Smith was on the Crescent City after all; and the despatch of our own correspondent, first published, stating the fact to be so, was correct. Still, the evidence on which we stated the contrary this morning was such as we could not dispute. Our authority was a despatch from New York to Mr. Jennings, the agent of the line here, corroborated which was needless, by reports from other sources, supposed to be well informed. It was, however, palpably an error, if not a fraud upon the agent here; and we trust that the author will be tracked out and exposed to the public reprobation which such conduct merits.

Purser Smith remained on board; and the inference which we drew, that the Spanish authorities had persisted in their course towards the Crescent City, notwithstanding his absence, falls to the ground. Their tone on the contrary was sensibly lowered, in allowing the mails and passengers to land; but they continued to justify and insist upon repeating the act of excluding the ship totally from their waters, if the offending person shall continue to be on board.

It seems too, that they are willing to withdraw totally their order of proscription against Purser Smith if he will give a written assurance that he did not write for the New York papers the reports which offended the Captain General.

Since they have already received that assurance from a quarter which they are not entitled to question, the demand seems to be a perjury of the shabbiest kind. Capt. Davenport very properly refused to sanction the official impeachment of the veracity of Capt. Porter; and this leaves the Spanish authorities in the very ridiculous predicament of having abandoned the idea that Purser Smith is a dangerous person, whose exclusion is required by the safety of the Island, and resting their whole plea for an exclusion of him and the vessel upon which he is purser, on the single pretension of extracting from him a superfluous disclaimer of acts in the United States, which they have the best possible proof, in the word of Capt. Porter, that he never did at all. It surely will not amend their position towards the United States in the controversy pending about the mal-treatment of the American mail steamer, that they reduce it to a mere effort to obtain a personal humiliation of the purser, and a means of offering an insult to the honor of a gallant American officer.

What will next happen from the perverse persistence of these foolish men in conduct so aggravating, on pretences which they themselves now make so slight and weak, we cannot undertake to predict; but it is clear that the wrongs already done, the insults already offered, and the arbitrary pretensions set up, are in no ways affected favorably to a peaceful issue by anything which has transpired in Havana, or in the view disclosed of the purposes of the authorities there.

Premature Burial.

A most extraordinary case of premature burial, says a Paris letter, has just occurred in the Commune of La Vache, in the Drome, of which a near relation of the victim, inhabiting Lyons, has written a full account to one of the leading journals of that city. It seems that the deceased, named Maria Victoire Paradis, aged 20, had been gradually declining in health for about six months; that on the 8th of last month, at 10 o'clock in the evening, she appeared to breathe her last. Her father, mother, a young cousin of 18, and other friends standing at her bedside, had no doubt of her being dead, and in the course of an hour the assistants proceeded to lay her out, when to their horror, her mouth was seen to open. They went on, however with their melancholy task, and got her at last wrapped in a winding sheet.

The next day the friends proceeded to bury her, but as she was a member of the sisterhood of the Immaculate Conception, in which the dead are always carried to the place of burial in an open coffin, with the face uncovered, the deceased was seen to open her eyes, which so terrified the bearers, that they set down the coffin, and called upon one of the superiors of the order, to whom they related what they had seen; but when the superior arrived on the spot, the girl's eyes were closed, so she only laughed at their terror, and ordered them to proceed to the cemetery. The young woman's eyes opened again at the gate of the cemetery; but the burial still went on. The coffin was shut and lowered into the grave, but when a few shovels full of earth had been thrown in, a knocking was distinctly heard in the inside of the coffin. This knocking grew louder and louder as the grave was filled, and at last the sexton, half dead with terror, threw

down his shovel and ran home, where he took to his bed, in which he still remains. Her friends now had the coffin dug up and opened; they had it buried again, and proceeded to fill up the grave, when the knocking were again heard louder than ever. The coffin was now taken up a second time, and carried into the church, where it remained until the 12th. A doctor was sent for from Valence, opened a vein, from which blood flowed abundantly. Incredible as it seems, even this fact was not considered as conclusive of death not having taken place, and the poor girl was now buried for the third time; the same knockings being again heard as distinctly as before, when the earth was beginning to be thrown in. But the assistants nevertheless, looked on her as dead, and this time the burial was completed, notwithstanding the knockings. Some eighty of the persons present at these extraordinary proceedings, hereupon signed a petition to the Prosecutor General of the Republic, who immediately visited the spot. His first care was to prohibit all access to the graveyard, and it is to be hoped that the coffin will be opened and the position of the deceased ascertained. But as yet nothing farther has transpired, upon the subject.

It is really hard to believe that ignorance and prejudice—can still be so strong; and that, after so many well authenticated cases of the seeming extinction of life, in cases of trance, swoon, catalepsy, &c., where, nevertheless, the patients, though apparently dead for days and even weeks, have yet been restored to life by the judicious perseverance of enlightened carers of those around them; a young woman in the prime of youth, and surrounded by relations and friends, should have been thus stupidly consigned to the most horrible death, of which the imagination can conceive!

From the N. O. Picayune.

The Lobos Puzzle.

There is, it seems, substance in the report which has been flying about in the newspapers, that an agent had been sent to Madrid, to apply for a grant or lease by the Spanish crown of the Lobos Islands. The New York Courier and Enquirer announces on authority in which it has confidence, that this application proceeds from merchants in that city, concerned in the guano trade. We thought the report was a mere quiz, but the scheme appears to be really entertained. Spain is to be informed, from the United States, that she has a rich possession in the Pacific of which she knows nothing, and promised, of course, a good bonus for releasing her title, and giving a quit claim to the discoverer of her dormant wealth.

The argument of these astute gentlemen is, that Spain, if any body, was the original owner of these islands, having discovered and named them and put them into her maps, and Peru only claims from Spain. She can have no better title than Spain had. Now Spain never exercised any exclusive control or reduced them to occupation, but on the contrary left them open to the world. Therefore Peru is bound to do the same, having discovered what Spain did not, that they are of immense value. This is not a very convincing position, and helps very little towards advancing the project of getting a lease from Spain of property which she abandoned long ago as worthless. It is only a contingent assumption that if it does not belong to Spain it belongs to nobody, and any body may take it all, and how that is to be used to get an exclusive title from her, is not at all clear.

The original title of Spain is, however, set up with another object. It is said that having belonged to her, Peru could get no title except by conquest, which includes successful revolution, or by cession. Spain never consented to the independence of Peru, and therefore admits nothing of her regularly claimed possessions. Peru, in enumerating her possessions as an independent power, did not mention or include these Lobos Islands. Therefore, Peru has no right to them—Spain may reclaim them, notwithstanding she abandoned them a century ago.

Every body may go there on their own right, but they who say this ask to be fortified by a license from Spain, who never claimed any herself.

How Spain may take this amicable suggestion is a doubtful problem. She wants money. The Lobos Islands are better than a gold mine; and Peru is not only weak, but occupies towards her the political relation of an insurgent province not entitled to any rights. Spain, then, may set up a title for the purpose of selling it out. What are we to do in the United States about it? It will hardly do for us to admit the want of a valid title in Peru acquired by revolution; and, after the first declaration that the islands are the exclusive property of no government, and the qualified admission afterwards that they may belong to Peru, it could be a puzzling case to get out a clear opinion that nevertheless they may be now reduced to possession under an ancient claim, and sold to Americans by the crown of Spain.

We do not think the applicants will ever be able to take anything by this motion.

There are six steamers contracted for, and some of them commenced, of the largest dimensions ever built upon the lakes, to run on Lake Erie, and to be out in the spring. No pains or expense is to be spared in making them superior in point of speed to any thing afloat.

From the New York Express, (Whig.)

The Result.

All is lost except honor; and to FRANKLIN PRENTICE, quite a new and almost unknown name, is committed the mighty trust of *leading type millions of men in their foreign and domestic relations*. He cannot be said to be even the chosen of his own party, because the two thirds system of selection threw overboard in their convention all their really great men. He is however elected, it may be said, by acclamation. General WILFELD SCOTT is not so much defeated as routed. The hitherto invincible soldier has at last met his Waterloo. It is not so much a defeat of the Whig party as of this gallant soldier himself, who has carried down with him nearly all his subordinates, and in this quarter left scarcely a survivor in the field.

The causes of this rout are obvious, and the result has been apparent and irresistible from the start. General Scott, at one time certainly the most available candidate, became at last the least available, by the peculiar influences under which he was nominated. The people became impressed with the idea that these influences would surround and govern him, and though no man who knew him personally believed it; yet no effort could persuade the people from this dangerous belief. Hence, since his nomination, with occasional exceptions, the history of the Whig party has been a continuous rout, rather than defeat. The October elections in the great States of Ohio and Pennsylvania indicated our approaching and inevitable doom, and the doom is upon us now.

We have no doubt that the Whigs, who nominated General Scott in Baltimore, nominated him under the belief that he was the strongest candidate in the North, and that Millard Fillmore could not carry even his own State; but they were laboring under a delusion which we deeply regretted at the time, and which we have not ceased to regret, because their action was certain to lead to the deplorable rout now upon us. Against that constantly impending and yet irresistible doom we have struggled with a zeal and energy, in-doors and out, on the stump and at the desk, which we never would have expended upon a candidate of our own selection, in order to demonstrate that it was principle to which we were devoted, and not a man. We are so weary to see and to say events have justified our foresight, and realized our apprehensions, even beyond what we dreamed of; but we claim nothing for that foresight, except again to claim the confidence of our readers for opinions when we are so unfortunate as to differ from them.

In this great city and its populous suburbs the Presidential nomination has failed to conciliate either the American or the foreign population, and hence it has dragged down every thing connected with it, Federal, State, and municipal. The Whigs here have never before suffered such a rout.

There are but two survivors, we believe, at the present writing, among all our nominees for Congress, mayors, and city officers, to tell the tale of our existence even, and they are the assistant alderman and State Assemblyman in the Fifteenth Ward. Six Congressmen are lost, and the city government is gone, now, from top to bottom. The overwhelming majority here threatens to swamp the Governor, casual officers, and all; and the indications are that other populous places in the State have done almost as badly as this great city. In short, all is lost, and there is not even a squadron saved here or hereabout.

Webster Epistle.

We do not think we can give our readers any matter more interesting than the letter which follows. It is extracted from the proof sheets of the Private Life of Daniel Webster, now in the press of the Harpers, from the pen of Charles Lummis. The John Taylor written to is Mr. Webster's overseer.

WASHINGTON, March 17, 1852.

"John Taylor—Go ahead. The heart of the Winter is broken, and before the first day of April all your land may be plowed. Buy the oxen of Captain Marston, if you think the price fair. Pay for the hay. I send you a check for \$100, for these two objects. Put the great oxen in a condition to be turned out and fattened. You have a good horse team, and I think in addition to this, four oxen and a pair of four year old steers will do your work. If you think so, then dispose of the Stevens oxen, or un-yoke them, and send them to the pasture, for beef. I know not when I shall see you, but I hope before planting. If you need anything, such as guano, for instance, write to Joseph Buck, Esq., Boston, and he will send it to you.

"Whatever ground you sow or plant, see that it is in good condition. We want no pennyroyal crops. 'A little farm well tilled,' is a farmer the next best thing to 'a little wife well willed.' Cultivate your garden. Be sure to produce sufficient quantities of useful vegetables. A man may half support his family from a good garden. Take care to keep your mother's garden in good order, even, if it cost you the wages of a man to take care of it. I have sent you many garden seeds. Distribute them among your neighbors. Send them to the stores in the village, that every body may have a part of them without cost. I am glad that you have chosen Mr. Pike an agent. He is a true man, but there are in New Hampshire many persons who call themselves Whigs, who are no Whigs at all, and no better than disunionists. Any man who hesitates in granting and securing to every part of the country its just and its constitutional rights is an enemy to the whole country.

"John Taylor! if one of your boys should say that he honors his father and mother, and loves his brothers and sisters, but still insists that one of them should be driven out of the family, what can you say of him but this, that there is no real family love in him? You and I are farmers; we never talk politics, our talks are of oxen; but remember this; that any man who attempts to exclude one part of the country against another, is just as wicked as he would be who should attempt to get up a quarrel between Sanborn, or his neighbor, old Mr. Jno. Sanborn, or his neighbor, Captain Burleigh. There are some animals that live best in the fire; and there are some men

who delight in heat, smoke, combustion, and even general conflagration. They do not follow the things which make for peace. They enjoy only controversy, contention, and strife. Have no communion with such persons, either as neighbors or politicians.

You have no more right to say that slavery ought not to exist in Virginia, than a Virginian has to say, that slavery ought to exist in New Hampshire. This is a question left to every state to decide for itself; and if we mean to keep the states together, we must leave to every state this power of deciding for itself.

I think I never wrote you a word before upon politics. I shall not do it again. I only say love your country, and your whole country; and when men attempt to persuade you to get into a quarrel with the laws of our States, tell them that you mean to mind your own business, and advise them to mind theirs. John Taylor, you are a free man; you possess good principles; you have a large family to rear and provide for by your labor. Be thankful to the Government which does not oppress you—which does not bear you down by excessive taxation—but which holds out to you and to the hopes of all the blessings which liberty, industry and security may give. John Taylor thank God, morning and evening, that you were born in such a country. John Taylor, never write me another word upon politics. Give my kindest remembrance to your wife and children; and when you look from your eastern windows upon the graves of my family, remember that he who is the author of this letter must soon follow them to another world.

"DANIEL WEBSTER."

Love's Labour Lost.

A Liverpool paper narrates the following extraordinary incident, among its news items:

"The other day, as a wedding party was ascending the steps which approach one of our Liverpool churches, the intended bride, owing to some obstruction, or to an inadvertent step, missed her footing, and fell. The swain, unable—even at that joyful crisis of his existence—to conceal his vexation at this little *contre-temps*, exclaimed pettishly, 'Dear me, how very clumsy!' The lady said nothing, but she was observed to bite her lip, and a far darker and gloomier look than beamed the Court of Hymen was seen to gather on her brow. She walked deliberately, however, into the church; the ceremony commenced; and everything proceeded in orthodox fashion, until the important question was put—'Will thou have this man?' etc. Here, instead of whispering, blushing, a soft affirmative to the communion cushions, the fair lady drew herself up, cast a withering glance upon her betrothed, and, muttering the words, 'Dear me, how very clumsy!' sailed down the aisle and out of the church, with the port of an offended goddess."

Barberous Edict.

The Queen of Portugal has just carried out a general cropping or trimming of beards and moustaches worn by the army, her own husband not having been excepted from its operation. The decree which effects this reform ordains that the forests of beard which overspread the faces of most Portuguese officers shall fall under the sweep of the razor, and that nothing shall henceforth be worn but moustaches and imperials, the shape and dimensions of which are prescribed with the precision and taste of one who is a connoisseur in such embellishments, general officers alone being allowed to indulge in the luxury of whiskers, which, however, are to be of a certain pattern, and not to exceed so many inches in length. The immediate effect of this reform has been to produce such a metamorphosis in the human face divine, that the nearest and dearest friends pass each other in the streets without the least sign of mutual recognition. We are acquainted with ladies not a few, in whose souls this intelligence will excite the strong desire that they might be *Queens of New York* just long enough to issue a similar proclamation—retiring, then, with perfect contentment, in to private life for ever!

Mr. Everett's Speech at Faneuil Hall.

At a great meeting of the citizens of Boston, without distinction of party, in Faneuil Hall, convened in honor of Mr. Webster, and to take measures for the erection of a monument to his memory, after the adoption of appropriate resolutions, Mr. Everett spoke as follows:

Mr. Mayor and fellow-citizens: I never arose to address an assembly when I was so little as, body or mind, to perform the duty; and I never felt so keenly how inadequate are words to express such an emotion as manifested pervades this meeting in common with the whole country. There is but one voice that ever fell upon my ear which could do justice to such an occasion. That voice, alas! we shall hear no more forever. No more at the bar will it unfold the deepest mysteries of the law; no more will it speak conviction to admiring senates; no more in this hall, the chosen theatre of its intellectual dominion, will it lift the soul as with the swell of the pealing organ, or stir the blood with the tones of a clarion in the inmost chambers of the heart.

We are assembled, fellow-citizens, to pour out the fullness of our feelings; not in vain attempt to do honor to the great man who is taken from us; most assuredly not with the presumptuous hope on my part to magnify his name and his praise. They are spread throughout the land. From east to west, and from north to south, (which he knew, as he told you, only that he might embrace them in the arms of loving patriotism) a voice of lamentation has already gone forth, such as has not echoed through the land since the death of him who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

You have listened, fellow-citizens, to the resolutions which have been submitted to you by Col. Heard. I thank him for offering them. It does honor to his heart, and to those with whom he acts in politics, and whom I have no doubt he well represents on this occasion. The resolutions are emphatic, but I feel that they do not say too much. No one will think they overstate the magnitude of our loss who is capable of appreciating a character like that of Dan. Webster.

Who of us, fellow-citizens, that has known him—that has witnessed the mastery of skill with which he would pour the full effluence of his mind on some contested legal and constitutional principle till what seemed hard and obscure became as plain as day; who that has seen him, in all the glory of intellectual ascendency—

Ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm of parliamentary conflict; who that has drunk of the pure fountains of wisdom and thought in the volumes of his writings; who, alas, sir, that has seen him

—in his happier hour

Of social pleasure ill-exchanged for power; that has come within the benignant fascination of his smile, has felt the pressure of his hand, and tasted the sweets of his fireside eloquence, will think that the resolutions say too much?

No, fellow-citizens, we come together not to do honor to him, but to do justice to ourselves. We obey an impulse from within. Such a feeling cannot be pent up in solitude. We must meet, neighbor with neighbor, citizen with citizen, man with man, to sympathize with each other. If we did not, the Nature would rebuke us. The granite hills of New Hampshire, within whose shadow he drew his first breath, would cry shame; Plymouth Rock, which all but moved at his approach; the slumbering echoes of this hall which rung so grandly with his voice; that 'silent but majestic orator,' which rose in no mean degree at his command on Bunker Hill—all, all would cry out at our degeneracy and ingratitude."

Mr. Chairman, I do not stand here to pronounce the eulogy of Mr. Webster; it is not necessary. Eulogy has already performed her first offices to his memory. (As the mournful tidings have flashed through the country, the highest offices of nation and State, the most dignified official bodies, the most prominent individuals, without distinction of party, the press of the country, the great voice of the land, all have spoken, and with one accord of opinion and feeling, and a unanimity that does honor at once to the object of this touching attestation and to those who make it. The record of his life, from the humble roof beneath which he was born, (with no inheritance but poverty and an honored name